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Historical Department.

" HISTORY—PHILOSOPHY TEACHING BY EXAMPLE."

ORIGINAL.

MINIATURE HISTORY OF CONNECTICUT.

(Continued from page 11.)

THE reasons for the emigration of Englishmen to America, has been briefly given. That portion of them who landed in that part of it which is called *New-England*, certainly had prospects as cheerless and gloomy before them, as ever encountered any pilgrims upon the face of the globe. When they landed upon the Rock of Plymouth, in 1620, they found themselves in a severe climate—upon a soil by no means fertile—surrounded by a clan of ferocious barbarians, and constantly reducing in number, by the "*pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon day.*"

Had our ancestors landed where Pizarro, at the head of the Spaniards, first contaminated the mild
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climate and productive soil of *South America*, we cannot tell what would have been the result. But we *do* know what *North America has been and is*—we know also, what *South America has been and is*. The *first*, since Europeans arrived, has ever been occupied by freemen, determined to be free, and to leave the freedom they enjoyed, as a rich legacy to their posterity. The *second* has been the theatre of the most diabolical wickedness that ever stained the annals of human depravity, and the catalogue of human crimes. The unoffending natives first became victims to an hellish clan of avaricious, implacable, and cruel Spaniards; and, as an evidence that punishment in this world treads upon the heels

of transgression, the American Spaniards have themselves endured all the calamities which a tyrannical government and a merciless priesthood could inflict.

Nothing more conclusively proves the unyielding perseverance, and unconquerable energy of the first settlers of New-England, than their firmness under the army of sufferings to which they were subjected. It is not within the compass of the imagination, to conceive of a situation more pregnant with despair, and more destitute of hope. Driven from their native land by persecution, to return was worse than death—and even to return, was not in their power. Famine, with all its horrors, stared them in the face, and the arrows and tomahawks of savages shewed how readily they might be made victims to barbarians. Having no hopes from civilized, or uncivilized men, no human beings ever had more occasion to “*rely upon the God of their salvation.*”

In 1634, fourteen years after the first landing of Englishmen at Plymouth, the design of penetrating into the interior, and planting a new colony, was carried into execution. Our ancestors had obtained a *Patent* for the state of Connecticut, from the only civilized power which had any right to grant it; leaving it to the grantees to make the best terms they could with the savages. This great *title deed* is inserted for the double purpose of shewing the strength of the title by which we claim the territory of Connecticut, and the precise and perspicuous language in which it is couched.

To all people, unto whom this present writing shall come, Robert, Earl of Warwick, sendeth greeting, in our LORD GOD everlasting.

KNOW ye, that the said Robert, Earl of Warwick, for divers good causes and considerations him thereunto moving, hath given, granted, bargained, sold, enfeofed, aliened, and confirmed, and by these presents doth give, grant, bargain, sell, enfeof, aliene, and confirm, unto the right honourable William, Viscount Say and Seal, the right honourable Robert, Lord Brook, the right honourable Lord Rich, and the honourable Charles Fiennes, Esq. Sir Nathaniel Rich, Knt. Sir Richard Saltonstall, Knt. Richard Knightly, Esq. John Pym, Esq. John Hampden, John Humphrey, Esq. and Herbert Pelham, Esq. their heirs and assigns, and their associates forever, all that part of New-England, in America, which lies and extends itself from a river there called Narraganset river, the space of forty leagues upon a straight line near the sea shore towards the southwest, west and by south, or west, as the coast lieth towards Virginia, accounting three English miles to the league; and also all and singular the lands and hereditaments whatsoever, lying and being within the lands aforesaid, north and south in latitude and breadth, and in length and longitude of and within, all the breadth aforesaid, throughout the main lands there, from the western ocean to the south sea, and all lands and grounds, place and places, soil, wood, and woods, grounds, havens, ports, creeks, and rivers, waters, fishings, and hereditaments whatsoever, lying within the said space, and every part and parcel thereof. And also all islands lying in America aforesaid, in the said seas, or either of them, on the western or eas-

tern coasts, or parts of the said tracts of lands, by these presents mentioned to be given, granted, bargained, sold, enfeoffed, aliened, and confirmed, and also all mines and minerals, as well, royal mines of gold and silver, as other mines and minerals whatsoever, in the said lands and premises, or any part thereof, and also the several rivers within the said limits, by what name or names soever called or known, and all jurisdictions, rights, and royalties, liberties, freedoms, immunities, powers, privileges, franchises, pre-eminences, and commodities whatsoever, which the said Robert, Earl of Warwick, now hath or had, or might use, exercise, or enjoy, in or within any part or parcel thereof, excepting and reserving to his majesty, his heirs, and successors, the fifth part of all gold and silver ore, that shall be found within the said premises, or any part or parcel thereof: To HAVE and to HOLD the said part of New-England in America, which lies and extends and is abutted as aforesaid. And the said several rivers and every part and parcel thereof, and all the said islands, rivers, ports, havens, waters, fishings, mines, minerals, jurisdictions, powers, franchises, royalties, liberties, privileges, commodities, hereditaments, and premises, whatsoever with the appertinances, unto the said William, Viscount Say and Seal, Robert, Lord Brook, Robert, Lord Rich, Charles Fiennes, Sir Nathaniel Rich, Sir Richard Saltonstall, Richard Knightly, John Pym, John Hampden, John Humphrey, and Herbert Pelham, their heirs, assigns and their associates, to the only proper and absolute use and behoof of them the said William, Viscount Say and Seal, Robert, Lord Brook, Robert, Lord Rich, Charles Fiennes, Sir Nathaniel Rich, Sir Richard Salton-

stall, Richard Knightly, John Pym, John Hampden, John Humphrey, and Herbert Pelham, their heirs and assigns, and their associates for ever more. In witness whereof the said Robert, Earl of Warwick, hath hereunto set his hand and seal, the nineteenth day of March, in the seventh year of the reign of our sovereign Lord Charles, by the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. Annoq. Domini, 1631.

Signed, Sealed, and delivered in the presence of

WALTER WILLIAMS.

THOMAS HOWSON.

ROBERT WARWICK. *A Seal.*

It is a subject upon which the juvenile reader may well reflect with delight, that our ancestors were thus cautious in securing the claim to the colony against those conflicting claims, which have, in many portions of the world, inundated disputed territories in blood. Equally cautious in clothing officers with necessary power to govern, they obtained the following "Commission" for their first governor, JOHN WINTHROP—

Articles made between the right honourable the lord Viscount Say and Seal, Sir Arthur Hasselring, Baronet, Sir Richard Saltonstall, Knight, Henry Lawrence, Henry Darley, and George Fenwick, Esquires, on the one part, and John Winthrop, Esq. the younger, of the other, the 7th July, 1635.

First, THAT we, in our names, and the rest of the company, do by these presents appoint John Winthrop, the younger, governor of the river Connecticut, in New-England

and of the harbour and places adjoining, for the space of one year, from his arrival there. And the said John Winthrop doth undertake and covenant for his part, that he will, with all convenient speed, repair to those places, and there abide as aforesaid for the best advancement of the company's service.

Secondly, That so soon as he comes to the bay, he shall endeavour to provide able men to the number of fifty, at the least, for making of fortifications, and building of houses at the river Connecticut, and the harbour adjoining, first for their own present accommodations, and then such houses as may receive men of quality, which latter houses we would have to be builded within the fort.

Thirdly, That he shall employ those men, according to his best ability, for the advancement of the company's service, especially in the particulars above mentioned, during the time of his government; and shall also give a true and just account of all the monies and goods committed to his managing.

Fourthly, That for such as shall plant there now, in the beginning, he shall take care that they plant themselves either at the harbour, or near the mouth of the river, that these places may be the better strengthened for their own safety, and to that end, that they also set down in such bodies together, as they may be most capable of an entrenchment; provided that there be reserved unto the fort, for the maintenance of it, one thousand or fifteen hundred acres, at least, of good ground, as near adjoining thereunto as may be.

Fifthly, That forasmuch as the service will take him off from his own employment, the company do engage themselves, to give him a just and due consideration for the same. In witness whereof we have interchangeably hereunto subscribed our names.

W. SAY and SEAL,
HENRY LAWRENCE,
RICHARD SALTONSTALL,
GEORGE FENWICK,
ARTHUR HASSELRING,
HENRY DARLEY.

(To be continued.)

Biographical Department.

"BIOGRAPHY—THE MIRROR THAT SHOWS US MAN."

SELECTED.

CONNECTICUT BIOGRAPHY.

GEN. ETHAN ALLEN.

IT was our intention to have continued the Biography of Gen. *David Humphreys* in this number; but a variety of facts which were indispensably necessary to give the reader a correct view of his life, could not be obtained in time to enable us to pursue that subject in this number. The object of the Biographer and the Historian ought to be accuracy; and it is better to remain in igno-

rance of both, than to be misled in either. As a substitute, we present the reader with a brief Sketch of the life of Gen. ETHAN ALLEN, a native of Connecticut. It is contained in the "*American Biographical Dictionary*," compiled by Thomas B. Rogers, Esq. a work which is in the hands of but few of our readers, but which ought to be in the hands of all.

"ETHAN ALLEN, a brigadier general in the war with Great Britain, was born in Salisbury, Connecticut. While he was young, his parents emigrated to Vermont. At the commencement of the disturbances in this territory, about the year 1770, he took a most active part in favour of the green mountain boys, as the settlers were then called, in opposition to the government of New-York. An act of outlawry against him was passed by that state, and 500 guineas were offered for his apprehension; but his party was too numerous and faithful to permit him to be disturbed by any apprehensions for his safety; in all the struggles of the day he was successful; and he not only proved a valuable friend to those, whose cause he had espoused, but he was humane and generous toward those with whom he had to contend. When called to take the field, he showed himself an able leader and an intrepid soldier.

The news of the battle of Lexington determined Col. Allen to engage on the side of his country, and inspired him with the desire of demonstrating his attachment

to liberty by some bold exploit. While his mind was in this state, a plan for taking Ticonderoga and Crown Point by surprise, which was formed by several gentlemen in Connecticut, was communicated to him, and he readily engaged in the project. Receiving directions from the general assembly of Connecticut to raise the green mountain boys, and conduct the enterprise, he collected 230 of the hardy settlers, and proceeded to Castleton. Here he was unexpectedly joined by Col. Arnold, who had been commissioned by the Massachusetts' committee to raise 400 men and effect the same object, which was now about to be accomplished. As he had not raised the men, he was admitted to act as an assistant to Col. Allen. They reached the lake opposite Ticonderoga on the evening of the 9th of May, 1775. With the utmost difficulty boats were procured, and 83 men were landed near the garrison. The approach of day rendering it dangerous to wait for the rear, it was determined immediately to proceed. The commander in chief now addressed his men, representing that they had been for a number of years a scourge to arbitrary power, and famed for their valour, and concluded with saying, "I now propose to advance before you, and in person conduct you through the wicket gate, and you that will go with me voluntarily in this desperate attempt, poize your firelocks." At the head of the centre file, he marched instantly to the gate, where a sentry snapped his gun at him, and retreated through the

covered way ; he pressed forward into the fort, and formed his men on the parade in such a manner as to face two opposite barracks. Three huzzas awaked the garrison. A sentry, who asked quarter, pointed out the apartments of the commanding officer ; and Allen, with a drawn sword over the head of Capt. De la Place, who was undressed, demanded the surrender of the fort. "By what authority do you demand it?" inquired the astonished commander. "I demand it," said Allen "in the name of the great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress." The summons could not be disobeyed, and the fort with its very valuable stores, and 49 prisoners, was immediately surrendered. Crown Point was taken the same day, and the capture of a sloop of war soon afterwards made Allen and his brave party complete masters of lake Champlain.

In the fall of 1775, he was sent twice into Canada to observe the dispositions of the people, and attach them, if possible, to the American cause. During this last tour, Col. Brown met him, and proposed an attack on Montreal, in concert. The proposal was eagerly embraced, and Col. Allen with 110 men, near 80 of whom were Canadians, crossed the river in the night of Sept. 24. In the morning he waited with impatience for the signal from Col. Brown, who agreed to co-operate with him ; but he waited in vain. He made a resolute defence against an attack of 500 men, and it was not till his own party was reduced by desertions to the

number of 31, and he had retreated near a mile, that he surrendered. A moment afterwards a furious savage rushed towards him, and presented his firelock with the intent of killing him. It was only by making use of the body of the officer, to whom he had given his sword, as a shield, that he escaped destruction.

He was now kept for some time in irons and treated with the greatest cruelty. He was sent to England as a prisoner, being assured that the halter would be the reward of his rebellion when he arrived there. After his arrival, about the middle of December, he was lodged for a short time in Pendennis castle, near Falmouth. On the 8th of January, 1776, he was put on board a frigate, and by a circuitous route carried to Halifax. Here he remained confined in the jail from June to October, when he was removed to New-York. During the passage to this place, Capt. Burke, a daring prisoner, proposed to kill the British captain and seize the frigate ; but Col. Allen refused to engage in the plot, and was probably the means of preserving the life of Capt. Smith, who had treated him very politely. He was kept at New-York, about a year and a half, sometimes imprisoned and sometimes permitted to be on parole. While here, he had an opportunity to observe the inhuman manner, in which the American prisoners were treated. In one of the churches, in which they were crowded, he saw seven lying dead at one time, and others biting pieces of chips from hunger. He calculated, that of the

prisoners taken at Long-Island and fort Washington, near 2000 perished by hunger and cold, or in consequence of diseases occasioned by the impurity of their prisons.

Colonel Allen was exchanged for Col. Campbell, May 6, 1778, and after having repaired to headquarters, and offered his services to General Washington in case his health should be restored, he returned to Vermont. His arrival on the evening of the last of May gave his friends great joy, and it was announced by the discharge of cannon. As an expression of confidence in his patriotism and military talents, he was very soon appointed to the command of the state militia. It does not appear however, that his intrepidity was ever again brought to the test, though his patriotism was tried by an unsuccessful attempt of the British to bribe him to attempt a union of Vermont with Canada. He died suddenly at his estate in Colchester, February 13, 1789.

General Allen possessed strong powers of mind, but they never felt the influence of education. Though he was brave, humane and generous; yet, his conduct does not seem to have been much influenced by considerations respecting that holy and merciful Being, whose character and whose commands are disclosed to us in the scriptures. His notions, with regard to religion, were such, as to prove, that those, who rather confide in their own wisdom than seek instruction from Heaven, may embrace absurdities which would disgrace the understanding

of a child. He believed, with Pythagoras, that man, after death, would transmigrate into beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, &c. and often informed his friends, that he himself expected to live again in the form of a large white horse.

Besides a number of pamphlets in the controversy with New-York, he published, in 1779, a narrative of his observations during his captivity, which has been lately reprinted; a vindication of the opposition of the inhabitants of Vermont to the government of New-York, and their right to form an independent state, 1779; and Allen's Theology, or the Oracles of Reason, 1786. This last work was intended to ridicule the doctrine of Moses and the prophets.

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From the same work we select a brief Biography of another distinguished citizen of Connecticut.

JOHN PIERCE, Paymaster-general during the revolutionary war, was a native of Connecticut. He was instructed in the learned languages, and instituted in the rudiments of polite literature, at one of those grammar schools which are established by government, in every county town, in the state of Connecticut. He afterwards read law with an attorney, and was admitted to the practice, at the commencement of the late war. But finding, from the turbulence of the times, that the prospect was unfavourable at the bar, and that his services might be useful with the army, he went as a clerk in a commissary's store at the northward. From thence he became an assistant in the pay

office of the separate army, in the same department. The junction of the three corps, which had served the year before separately, under the orders of Gen. Washington, Gen. Putnam and Gen. Gates, at the White Plains in 1778; and the consequent resignation of Col. Trumbull, his principal, left him in the character of a deputy to Col. Palfrey, the Paymaster-general, at the head quarters of the main army.

The tide in human affairs at length brought Mr. Pierce to the moment, which was to prove the crisis of his fortunes. When Col. Palfrey was appointed Consul-general to France, several gentlemen of fair pretensions, were candidates for filling the first seat in the pay-office, which had thus become vacant. Nor will it easily be comprehended by those who are possessed of European ideas, respecting the disposal of ministerial appointments, how a young man, like Mr. Pierce, who had risen from a low station on the civil staff, without friends, should have been nominated to an office of so much trust and importance. It was his lot to have conducted the whole business with the main army for some time before the vacancy took place: and fortunately for him, the advantages to be derived from a manly understanding, indefatigable application and inflexible honesty, were known and appreciated. The commander in chief, impressed with an idea that Mr. Pierce would perform the duties with great fidelity and ability, interested himself

somewhat on the occasion. While the matter was yet depending before congress, his excellency wrote recommendatory letters to some of his private correspondents and had reason to be perfectly satisfied with the result.

On the 17th of January, 1781, Mr. Pierce was elected Paymaster-general; and, before the dissolution of the army, commissioner for settling their accounts. His conduct, in transacting the complicated business which devolved upon him, fully justified the confidence that had been reposed in him, by these appointments. The trouble, in the former, was infinitely accumulated by the poverty of the military chest, and the defect of regular payments. It is known that the want of money to discharge the arrears, left an unsettled account between the public and every individual, who belonged to the army. These accounts were liquidated, and certificates of the balances were signed in the hand writing of Mr. Pierce. This was a most arduous task, in the accomplishment of which, innumerable perplexities and embarrassments must have occurred. No stronger testimony can be adduced of his clearness in stating the accounts, independence in rejecting improper claims, and candour in allowing such as had a title to admission, than the approbation of congress, the board of treasury, and the officers and privates of the army.

Mr. Pierce died at New-York, in August. 1788.

Agricultural Department.

"AGRICULTURE—THE PRESERVATIVE ART OF ALL ARTS."

ORIGINAL.

FROM every section of our extensive and extending country, the most cheering intelligence is daily received of the rapid progress of agricultural improvement. The great men of our Republic, after sustaining the highest posts of honour within the gift of the people, return again, like *Cincinnatus*, to the plough. Mr. *Jefferson* is proud of the title of "Farmer of Monticello," and Mr. *Madison* is President of the Agricultural Society of Virginia. Through the New-England States, the whole population, from the man of wealth and science, to the day-labourer, are ardently engaged in advancing the great and important pursuit of Agriculture. We might give a long catalogue of eminent names; but it would too much swell the page. Suffice it to say, as the spring is opening upon us, the attention of the Farmer is directed to the *Earth*, the prolific mother of all our enjoyments. Agricultural Societies are formed, or are forming, in every section of the country. The utility of such associations is too obvious to be descanted upon. "*In the multitude of counsel*," there is not only "*safety*," but there is profit. The experience of one is different from that of

another; and by communing together, the result of each other's experiments may be communicated to all.

We have obtained the address delivered before the "*Hampshire, Hampden, and Franklin Agricultural Society*," by the Hon. NOAH WEBSTER, Vice-President of the Society. Although this gentleman must have spent much of his time in literary pursuits, his address shews that he is not only *theoretically*, but *practically* acquainted with *Agriculture*. We do not know how we can better gratify our agricultural patrons, than by presenting them with this valuable production. It furnishes an *outline* for that, which is so much needed in New-England, "*A system of Agriculture*." In perusing it, the *farmer* will be instructed by the practical knowledge which it imparts, and the scholar will be gratified by the elegant and classical style in which it is conveyed.

We have in our possession the Address of Mr. *Madison*, to the Agricultural Society of Virginia; but as it is less calculated for the *soil* and *climate* of Connecticut than Mr. Webster's, we prefer publishing the latter.

SELECTED.

An ADDRESS delivered before the Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden Agricultural Society, at their annual meeting in Northampton, Oct. 14th, 1818—By the Hon. NOAH WEBSTER, Vice-President of the Society.

IN the history of the Creation, we are informed, that "God made every plant of the field, before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew; for Jehovah God had not caused it to rain on the earth, and there *was not a man to till the ground*;" but after man was created, God planted a garden in Eden, and there he placed the man, "*to dress it and to keep it*." From these passages of sacred history, we learn that, antecedent to the apostacy, and by divine appointment, Agriculture was assigned to man as his proper occupation.

In conformity with the divine purpose, in this destination of man, the upper stratum of the earth, was, by the Creator, fitted for the production of plants. The soil, which covers the greatest part of the globe, though diversified in its constituent materials, its qualities, depth and consistence, is generally composed of very fine particles, which render it permeable by water, and capable of containing the greatest quantity of it; at the same time, though so friable, as to be easily pulverized by instruments of husbandry, and so loose as to be pervious to the roots of plants; it is sufficiently compact to sustain herbs, shrubs, and even trees, in an erect position.

As the cultivation of the earth was the first business assigned to man, so, of all his temporal concerns, it is the most important and necessary; for the productions of the earth furnish almost all the materials of food and clothing. Observations on the savage life will inform us, how small a population, the spontaneous produce of the earth will support. Even the rude natives of America, few and scattered as they are, depend on tillage for a part of their means of subsistence; and the wild animals, which supply no small portion of their food and clothing, derive their nourishment from the productions of the earth. The produce of seas, rivers and lakes, whatever may be the amount, must always constitute a small comparative por-

tion of the food of a well peopled country, and no part of the food of domestic animals.

Agriculture then is essential to the support of a dense population. It supplies food for men and their domestic animals—and the materials of manufactures; and the surplus, beyond the necessary consumption of a country, furnishes the means of commerce, and becomes a source of wealth. Hence, the more productive the earth is rendered by cultivation, the more inhabitants and domestic animals may be subsisted on a given extent of territory; and the greater is the wealth and strength of a nation.

Nor is the cultivation of the earth less favourable to the health and longevity of the human species. As a general remark, it may be affirmed, that the labours of the husbandman are better adapted, than any other labour or employment, to give strength and firmness to all parts of the human body, by calling into action and keeping in motion, the various limbs and muscles, without an undue pressure on any particular part; thus promoting equally the circulation of the blood and the various secretions essential to health. Excess of labour will, in this, as in every other occupation, impair health, and shorten life, or render it uncomfortable; but in general, the greatest portion of sound health, and the most robust men, the strength and defence of a nation, are found among the cultivators of the earth.

Equally well adapted is the business of the farmer, to enlarge and invigorate the intellectual faculties; and to generate a spirit of independence favourable to civil and political liberty. This is particularly the fact in a country where the cultivators are proprietors of the soil. Immense is the difference in the exertion and improvement of the mental faculties, between those who labour for themselves, and those who labour for others. The very ownership of property tends to expand the mind, and give it a tone of firmness and independence; while the prospect of increasing the value of property, and enjoying the fruits of labour, calls into action more vigorous exertion, more enterprise, and more invention. At the same time, the possession of the title to land attaches a man to the country in which he is a freeholder, and binds him to the government and laws by which his person and his property are protected.

Nor ought we to forget, in this enumeration of the advantages of agriculture, that

this employment is peculiarly suited to the preservation of morals in a community. The sequestered situation of the husbandman, occupied daily on his farm, remote from scenes of vice and dissipation, secures him in a great degree, from the contagion of evil examples, and from many temptations to vice, which large associations of people present, to seduce men from their duty. And if the agricultural state of society does not exhibit more positive virtue and excellence, than any other, it supplies fewer instances of atrocious crimes, and deep depravity. Nor is it less true, that this state of society, presents peculiar advantages and powerful inducements to the cultivation of pious affections. The farmer, after all his industry and good management, must depend entirely on divine Providence for a harvest. He must feel, every day and every hour, that, by his own power and skill, he can no more produce a blade of grass or a single corn, than he can create a world; and this consciousness of his dependence on the Supreme Being, cannot fail to generate, in a mind not absolutely brutish, a spirit of humility and submission to his Maker—a spirit of unceasing reverence, piety and gratitude. When the husbandman considers further, that his labours are continually liable to be frustrated, by excessive rains, floods, and drought; by untimely frost, blasting and mildew; by destructive storms and devouring insects; calamities which, by no human efforts, can be averted or controlled; with what face can he deny the Providence, or spurn the government of his Maker? How can he fail to acknowledge his own imbecility and dependence, and place all his trust on that Being who alone can crown his labours with success.

But the ingenuous mind is not to be influenced solely by the dread of calamities. It will find, in the works of nature and Providence, irresistible motives to admire the power, wisdom, and the benevolence of the Supreme Being. Who can examine the wonderful laws of the vegetable economy; the curious and infinitely diversified structure of plants; without being led to "Look through nature up to Nature's God," and to form exalted views of divine power and wisdom? Who can cast his eyes on spacious fields robed with verdure, and adorned with flowers—some, presenting the promise of a rich harvest of fruits—others, expanding their beauties to delight the eye and regale the senses of man, or to supply insects with nectareous food

—and thousands of others, which, from our ignorance of their uses, are destined "to waste their sweetness on the desert air"—Who can view this rich profusion of all that can charm the eye, and delight the mind of man, without admiring the goodness of the Benevolent Author? Hard and insensible must be the heart, that is not softened by gratitude for all the blessings lavished on the human race, and humbled by regret that man should ever forget his glorious Benefactor.

Notwithstanding agriculture is confessedly the first and most important occupation in society, it is among the last which have engaged the attention of scientific men. Princes have been employed in extending their power and dominions; nobles and men of distinction have been occupied in the pursuit of pleasure, or of military skill and glory; while the culture of the earth has been left to the care and toils of the humble peasant, to mercenaries and slaves. To this neglect are chiefly to be ascribed the frequent famines which afflicted the nations of Europe, anterior to the last century. But within the last seventy or eighty years, men of science and property have been engaged in agricultural improvements; particularly in Great Britain; and the effect of their exertions has been to increase the value of lands, and to furnish subsistence and augmented wealth to a more numerous population.

In this country, improvements in agriculture are of still later origin; and I well remember the time when no farmer thought of restoring fertility to an impoverished soil, by the aid of the grasses. The revolution first disengaged the minds of our countrymen from the shackles of custom, and gave a spring to industry and enterprise. The first effect of the independence of the United States, was visible in the extension of commerce—but it soon appeared in every branch of industry. The removal of the restrictions of the British laws of trade, opened a wide field for commercial enterprise, which, by finding new markets for the productions of the earth, presented to the farmer new inducements to supply the demand. The wars, which arose out of the revolution in France, threw into the power of our merchants, an uncommonly lucrative commerce, that absorbed a large amount of capital. This capital, was in a few years greatly augmented. A large portion of this capital, has, by the event of general peace, been liberated from commercial employment.

and may now be devoted to agriculture and manufactures. And fortunately there appears to be an increasing disposition in capitalists to turn their property into these channels. Of this fact, the recent formation of numerous societies for these objects, and the attention of men of wealth and distinction, to agricultural pursuits, are honourable and cheering testimonies. As the Society which I have the honour to address, was not the last, in its institution, it may be presumed it will not be the most languid in the prosecution of its objects.

The great design of this, and of similar institutions, is, to ascertain the best mode of tilling the earth; that mode which shall enable the farmer to obtain the greatest quantity of produce, upon a given extent of land, with the least expence and labour. This end is to be accomplished partly by science; but chiefly by experiments. A perfect knowledge of the nature of soils, and the fitness of each to produce a particular species of grain, would aid the scientific farmer in his practice. But a chemical analysis of soils is beyond the reach of most husbandmen; and if it were not, the knowledge derived from it would be a less safe ground of practice, than experiment; as the effect of soil would be liable to be varied by the situation of the land, by the seasons and other extraneous causes. Experience and observation will furnish the farmer with the facts most necessary to guide him in his rural economy. He will find that wheat, rye and maize, or American corn, on wet, cold, heavy land, will frustrate his hopes; that oats and barley will bear more moisture than the grains just mentioned; but that land of this kind is best fitted for mowing and grazing. He will also find that the warmest lands, on plains and moderate elevations, are best fitted for tillage, and the colder lands on mountains, are most properly appropriated to the feeding of cattle. He will find that although water is essential to the growth of plants, being the principal instrument of conveying to them nutrition, yet that a superabundance of that fluid, no less than a deficiency, is injurious. He will observe that soils possess different capacities for retaining water—that sand and silicious soils are too loose—and that clay is too compact when dry, and too adhesive when wet; and he will adapt his mode of tillage to the modification of these qualities. Experience will teach him that a soil of loose texture should be laid as smooth as possible, by

harrowing and rolling, as a smooth compact surface retards evaporation—that on the contrary, a moist heavy soil should be thrown into narrow lands or ridges, for the purpose of casting off the water, and exposing to the rays of the sun, a greater extent of surface. Nothing can be more injurious, than to drag down to a smooth surface, a wet, cold, argillaceous soil; especially for a crop of American corn or potatoes. For these crops, the land should be left in the furrow, as loose and uneven as possible. The more smooth the surface, the longer the land retains water, the less pervious is it to the heat of the sun, and the more compact does it become by the weight of falling rains. In our climate, land, in the spring, is usually too wet and cold for the rapid growth of corn; and as a general fact, our crops suffer more from an excess, than from a deficiency, of water. In preparing land for maize, therefore, the judicious farmer will leave his land in furrow, or in ridges; as in this form, it warms sooner, is more easily tilled, and the harrow, at hoeing, will perform double the work in pulverizing the earth and covering weeds. Even sward land, according to my experience, should be managed in the same manner. The sod, well turned over by the plough, should not be broken or disturbed till the first, and generally not till the second hoeing. The decomposition of the vegetable matter will keep the land sufficiently light and mellow, and the process of decomposition is rather retarded, than accelerated, by an earlier use of the harrow or plough. Indeed dragging or cross ploughing too early, turns back a part of the sod, rendering the land more grassy and difficult to till; and often, it disturbs the worms which lie harmless, feeding on the grass beneath, and compels them to seek the tender corn for food. I have known several fields of corn nearly ruined by breaking the turf and disturbing the worms, at the first hoeing.

(To be continued.)

Three of the most interesting objects in the natural world are—first, a lovely woman, with an infant in her arms—second, a field filled with standing sheaves of wheat—and third, a pasture covered with sheep and lambs.

Department of Manufacture.

"MANUFACTURES—THE ARTS OF ELEGANCE, AND THE ARTS OF USE."

WE had intended, in this number of our Magazine, to have continued the insertion of selections from "*Hamilton's Report on Manufactures*;" but at the request of one of our patrons, whose views entirely correspond with our own, we present our readers with extracts from the "*Address of the American Society for the encouragement of Domestic Manufactures*." We are very sensible that long dissertations upon agriculture and manufacture may not please the desultory reader, who seeks rather for amusement than instruction. But any one who can peruse the following extracts without deriving them both, we think must read with inattention.

This country stands distinguished on the earth. In vain should we look to other histories for maxims of light; there are none that bear comparison; and analogies are barren of instruction, when there is no parity in the objects to be compared. The fictions and fables of antiquity are realized in the short annals of our country. Like the young Hercules, it strangled in its cradle the destroying serpents, and would prove equal to every labour. But foreign manufactures, like the garment poisoned by the Hydra's blood, threatens our dissolution; our funeral pile is lighted; but a mighty hand will interpose, and rescue us from death to immortality. And if it be asked who has that power? we say it is *The People*! Yes! in vain should our legislature ordain quarantine to those who come from foreign regions, before they print their steps upon our shores; in vain forbid the entry of infected goods within our wholesome precincts, unless they guard against those importations which poison by contagion;

whose baleful infection is, not for a season, but perennial.

Some minds, deserving of a better direction, have, from long habit of a particular mode of dealing, associated the idea of commerce with that of a ship from abroad, loaded with stuffs of foreign manufacture. And they cannot see how another branch of industry can bear any competition. Yet a little attention to the progress of man's civilization will show, that without reference to national advantage, to be a manufacturer is a law of man's nature. Witness his attitude; his structure, those limbs which are not destined to support his body, but supple, flexible with motion and articulation, suited to every operation that the will of the most improved intelligence can exact. And if he cannot assure his own preservation, nor procure food, raiment, or habitation, without manufacturing implements for defence, or for the chase; nor fell a tree in the forest, or turn a furrow in the field, till he has manufactured the plough and the axe, then we may say with Franklin, whose wisdom spoke in similes—in any one of whose sallies there is concentrated more profound thought than in volumes of common place, "that man is a tool-making animal," or, in words less lively or emphatic, that he is by nature a manufacturer.

But we cannot help regretting, that not only the objects of our commerce, but our moral and political opinions, have been too long of foreign manufacture. And we think they treat us unfairly; for the opinions they force upon our credulity are such as they never use themselves. They are manufactured for exportation, not for home consumption. If we adopt them they will profit willingly, but, in return, smile at our credulity.

In a word, all the arguments used by the partisans of foreign manufactures, are resolved into one point; shall we manufacture for ourselves, or shall Britain manufacture for us? This is the question; and now, having stated it fairly, we shall meet it boldly, and argue it candidly.

On the part of the adversary, the follow-

ing objections are relied upon as insurmountable :

1. That this ought to be a commercial and agricultural, and not a manufacturing country.

2. That manufactures are unfriendly to commerce and agriculture.

3. That they cannot be carried on to advantage, because labour is higher than in Europe.

4. That they demoralize and deprave those employed in them.

5. That they should be left to themselves, and not forced into premature existence by government patronage.

6. That such patronage would diminish the revenue and resources of government.

True to her interest, when Great Britain cannot force a market by the bayonet, she does it by circumvention. It was this policy, exercised towards these states, whilst colonies, that, with other aggressions, led to resistance. It was the continuance of this policy, and the influence of her manufactures, that lately went near to prostrate our government, sever our union, and overturn our independence. And this policy, as long as it is fed with any hope of our ruin, will leave no means untried to injure us. Such is the policy that carries despotism round the globe ; that whispers in our ears, and would instil into our hearts, pernicious counsels.

And now to our argument :

1st. That this ought to be a commercial and agricultural country.

If this position were not the entering wedge for other sophistries, we should have nothing to do but to agree : but when they go the length of saying, "Give up manufacturing : that you may be commercial and agricultural," we say, no ! but we will manufacture, that we may be agricultural and commercial. And we tell them, read your history, and see how England's commerce has depended on, and grown out of, her manufactures.

If England's commerce has depended upon her manufactures, and without any agricultural resources she has risen to wealth, we may well say, having a resource the more in the abundance of our soil, 'Do you give up all the competition, let us manufacture for you.' Great Britain would surely think this an arrogant pretension, and she would think rightly. Why, then, presume that we should be her dupe ?

Does any one seek to be convinced, by a single fact, that the settlement of the lands, and the prosperity of the country, depend, essentially, upon manufacturing

establishments, let him go to the western part of this state, the rapid growth of which is without a parallel in the history of nations, and he will find that mills and manufactures formed the first rudiments of those almost countless villages, and towns which spangle that fertile and beautiful country, emphatically styled, the Eden of the state.

2d. That our manufactures are noxious to our commerce and agriculture.

This is little else than so many empty words. How can that which widens the field of commerce be said to injure it ? Will these logicians assert that British manufactures have injured British commerce ? No ; but they speak with two tongues ; one for themselves, and one for us. We have three resources ; they have but two : abandon one, they say, that we may be equal. When did they set us the example of such complaisance ? And as to any pretended injury to agriculture, by the absorption of labour, we find that out of 200,000 persons formerly employed in our factories, in two branches alone, more than 120,000 were women and children. Was agriculture benefited when, on the stopping of the cotton and woolen manufactures, these women returned to idleness, the children to the poor house, and the men, not to the farms, but to the cities from whence they came.

3d. That manufactures cannot be carried on here to advantage whilst labour is so much higher than in England.

This may be plausible to those who are as ignorant of that country as its partisans are, or affect to be, of this. Our labour is, indeed, numerically higher ; but taxes and impositions are so much lower, that we can afford to pay more, because our goods are charged with little else. It is true that in England the labourer receives less, because what he earns by his industry is paid away, before it reaches his hands, in tithes, pensions, taxes, poor-rates, and a thousand exactions to pamper the pride and luxury of those who live but to consume the fruits of the earth—who neither work, nor add to the stock of national wealth.

But it proves nothing for the lowness of wages, that this poor man's substance is eaten up by so many that had no share in earning it. And there is another answer worth attention : If our fabrics are upheld for a time, a power will develop itself which will sink this formidable objection into nothing ; that of labour-saving machinery ; a power of which

no man can at present foresee the limit or extent; a power indigenous in this country, where men, by the free exercise of their will and faculties, have acquired a characteristic aptitude for mechanical inventions. Many instances prove this position, so honourable to our country.

And what field of competition is so desirable as that which calls into activity the finest powers and greatest energies of useful intellect; the powers that will make us strong in war, secure in peace, respected abroad, happy at home. But there is another motive, still nearer at hand; these manufactures give bread to many whom years, infirmities, or sex, disqualify from labours of a ruder cast, and make them rather a source of wealth to the community than an incumbrance. And so little does the depression of our manufactures depend upon scarcity of hands, that many are carried on by apprentices without wages. And since the peace, many persons have been obliged to return from them to the poor houses, and be again consigned to pauperism.

What we have said of machinery will be of more weight, when it is considered what abundance of mill-sites are to be had in this country, of which the fee-simple, and all other charges, would not cost the annual expence of a steam engine; and though in England, wages are higher than on the continent of Europe, yet that has not prevented her from underselling all her rivals, except such as have lately adopted the counteracting policy we would recommend.

It is worthy also of notice, that all these labour-saving machines, and mechanical improvements, which would be hailed by us as new planets in the firmament, are, in that country, the signals of mobs, assassinations, and revolt; and are in fact, at last established by the sole protection of the strong arm of government.

We refer on this head to Mr. Tench Coxe's 'Statement of the Arts and Manufactures of the United States,' who asserts that the diminution of manual labour in 1808, was estimated in England, in regard to the cotton business, at 200 to 1. And who observes further, that Mr. John Duncan, of Glasgow, an able writer, and artist, considers it to be much more. In the same work, Mr. Coxe instances the saw-gin, invented by Mr. Ely Whitney of Connecticut, as saving manual labour in the proportion of 1000 to 1. If it were consistent with our limits, or

our present object, we would quote abundance of valuable matter from this authentic and useful work. We can only here recommend it to the perusal of all who take interest in their country's welfare.

Further selections will be made from this valuable production in future numbers.

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

This Society was instituted in the city of New-York, in 1816. Daniel D. Tompkins, Vice-President of the United States, is President of the Society, and many of the most distinguished men in the state are *active* members of it. It may be called the mother society of many others that have since been formed. Its members have been the great means of drawing the attention of Congress to the subject of American manufactures. They have regular communications from societies formed in New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Delaware, Ohio, Kentucky, Virginia, and Mississippi.

Upon the arrival of the President of the United States at New-York, in June 1817, he was admitted as a member of this society—very highly appreciated the honour conferred upon him, and in answering the address of the society, declared—"That he *duly* appreciated the objects of the institution, which were particularly dear to him, from their being intimately connected with the *REAL* independence of the Republic."—Upon the same day, (June 14th.) the three venerable ex-presidents of the United States, were ad-

mitted as members. It must be gratifying to our readers, to see the manner in which these great men estimated the *honour* conferred upon *them*, and their views of "DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE." Their letters follow.—

Quincy, June 23, 1817.

Sir—I have received the letter, you did me the honour of writing to me, on the 14th of this month, announcing to me my election, by the American Society for the encouragement of Domestic Manufactures, instituted in New-York, as a member: an honour made more illustrious by the presence of the President of the United States.

Be pleased, Sir, to present my respects to the Society, and my thanks for the honour they have done me; and to assure them, if the best wishes of a man at eighty-one years of age, can promote the wise purposes of their institution, I shall be a useful member. For according to my superficial view of political economy in civilized society, next to agriculture, which is the first and most splendid, manufactures are second, and navigation the third. With agriculture, manufactures, and navigation, all the commerce which can be necessary or useful to the happiness of a nation, will be secured.

Accept my thanks for the civility with which you have communicated the vote of the Society to their and your friend,

JOHN ADAMS.

D. LYNCH, jun. Esq. Secretary of the American Society for the encouragement of Domestic Manufactures.

Monticello, June, 26, 1817.

Sir—I am thankful for the honour done me by an association with the American Society for the encouragement of Domestic Manufactures, instituted in New-York. The history of the last twenty years has been a sufficient lesson for us all, to depend for necessities on ourselves alone: and I hope that twenty years more, will place the American hemisphere under a system of its own, essentially peaceable and industrious, and not needing to extract its comforts out of the eternal fires raging in the old world. The efforts of the members of your institution being necessarily engaged in their respective vicinages, I consider myself, by their choice, as but a link of union between the promoters there and here of the same patriotic objects. Praying you to present to the

Society, my just acknowledgment for this mark of attention, I tender to yourself the assurance of my great respect and consideration.

TH. JEFFERSON.

Mr. LYNCH.

Montpelier, June 27, 1817.

Sir—I have received your letter of the 18th inst. informing me that the American Society for the encouragement of Domestic Manufactures, has been pleased to elect me one of its members.

Although I approve of the policy of leaving to the sagacity of individuals, and to the impulse of private interest, the application of industry and capital, I am equally persuaded that in this, as in other cases, there are exceptions to the general rule, which do not impair the principle of it. Among these exceptions, is the policy of encouraging domestic manufactures, within certain limits, and in reference to certain articles.

Without entering into a detailed view of the subject, it may be remarked, that every prudent nation will wish to be independent of other nations, for the necessary articles of food, of raiment, and of defence; and particular considerations applicable to the United States, seem to strengthen the motives to this independence.

Besides the articles falling under the above description, there may be others, for manufacturing which, natural advantages exist, which require temporary interpositions for bringing them into regular and successful activity.

Where the fund of industry is acquired from abroad, and not withdrawn, nor withheld from other domestic employments, the case speaks for itself.

I will only add, that among the articles of consumption and use, the preference, in many cases, is decided merely by fashion or habit. As far as equality, and still more, where a real superiority is found in the articles, manufactured at home, all must be sensible, that it is politic and patriotic to encourage a preference of them, as affording a more certain source of supply for every class, and a more certain market for the surplus products of the agricultural class.

With these sentiments, I beg you to make my acknowledgments for the marks of distinction conferred on me, and which I accept from respect for the Society, and for its objects, rather than from any hope of being useful as a member. To yourself, I tender my friendly respects.

JAMES MADISON.

SOCIETIES FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF MANUFACTURES, AND THE MECHANIC ARTS.

ORIGINAL.

A moment's reflection must shew any man of discernment, that *associations* of the owners, of different establishments, and of different individuals, if combined upon the principles of mutual accommodation, and mutual interest, must be productive of the greatest utility. The adversity produced by the last war, with many of the enterprising manufacturers and mechanics in Connecticut, is within the knowledge of every reader. Standing alone and unassisted, they were prostrated, as the child would break the *single* rod; had they been *united*, they would have rode out the storm, as the *bundled* reeds would withstand the arm of the giant.

These ideas are suggested by the editor with the greatest defer-

ence to the superiour sagacity of more experienced men; but the benefits appear so obvious, that they *are* suggested. Religious and Masonic associations are multiplied almost beyond enumeration; and the best results have been produced. By the first, the *destitute* have been educated, and the light of religion extended—by the last, the widow and the fatherless have been protected, and the needy have been saved from the chilly grasp of cheerless poverty.

Societies of Manufacturers and Mechanics have been established in *Hartford, Middletown, and Litchfield*, in this state; and they hold regular communications with the principal Society in New-York city—the great emporium of our great Republic. If no pecuniary benefit is hereby *directly* derived, it certainly imparts to all the knowledge of *improvements* in manufacture, and *active* knowledge may be properly called capital.

Miscellaneous Department.

"MAN—PLEAS'D WITH VARIETY, MUST BE INDULG'D."

ORIGINAL.

THE SOCIAL COMPANION.

March 1819.....Paper II.

"How charming are thy borders—thy hills how beautiful—thy vallies how fertile—
and thy streams are lucid." Asiatic Poetry.

AS I led my readers at the close of my first paper to expect—Ariel has returned from his first excursion, through every "nook and corner" of our beloved Connecticut. As he entered my closet, I was in a pensive though not in a morose mood. His countenance

beamed with delight as he entered—for although he is invisible to all the rest of the world, he assumes form and shape when with me, i. e. the "*Social Companion*." Exhilarated apparently to rapture, he thus addressed me—"I have faithfully explored the state of Connecticut. I feel myself wholly incompetent to *express* to you, sir, the admiration I *feel*. As you well know, I have existed for many ages, and explored many portions of the old and new world. I have seen the Ganges roll in Asia—the Danube in Europe, and the Nile in Africa. I have noticed the few joys, and the many miseries of the human beings who inhabit these countries. I have also wandered, unseen, along the delightful Ohio, and the majestic Mississippi. I have observed the advantages which a beneficent Providence has there bestowed upon man—but sir, until I had explored this beloved Connecticut, I hardly thought any *one* country could unite in its own bosom the benefits of all."

I here checked *Ariel* for his enthusiasm. He seemed mortified and chagrined that I should have even a momentary doubt of his *accuracy*. *Ariel*! said I, a beneficent Providence has showered down blessings in rich profusion upon every portion of the world. Even the wandering Arab of Zaharah finds blessings upon that outspread and cheerless desert. After a short pause, *Ariel* declared, "That the only way that we could determine the superiority of one country to another, was, by comparing them together." Certainly, said I—and

now proceed to point out the peculiar advantages enjoyed by the people of Connecticut. This command restored *Ariel* to a state of animated joy; and he thus proceeded,—"*Connecticut* has a *climate* that invigorates the human system—a *soil* that furnishes man with all the variety of animal and vegetable food—*waters* that facilitate transportation; aid the manufacturer and mechanic, and furnish the most excellent fish. But, sir, I will omit at this moment, to say more of its *natural* advantages. In a *literary*, *moral*, and *religious* point of view, *Connecticut* certainly stands preeminent—not that it produces more scientific scholars, more correct moralists, or more sincere christians, than other states and countries—but, literature is more *generally* diffused—morality has a more universal influence, and the benign influence of religion affects *more* hearts than in any country I ever visited."

Expecting nothing but a general report from my faithful agent at this time, I here dismissed him. Immediately after, I received the following communication.

TO THE SOCIAL COMPANION.

Ever since I read your first *Paper* in the *RURAL MAGAZINE*, I have been in a state of constant agitation. As I am a female, I did not pay so much attention to the "*Historical, Biographical, Agricultural, and Manufacturing Departments*," as I conclude the gentlemen have. I always look first after "*Poetry*," then "*Miscellany*," and then "*Variety*." I

found no cause of disappointment, or fear, until I read your account of that "invisible being," called *Ariel*, and I declare I have not enjoyed one moment's tranquillity since. What! does that creature hear every thing I say? I have scarcely dared to *speake* since I heard of him. I used, at evening partics, tea-parties, and every where else, to rattle and gabble away like every thing. I used to slander the gentlemen, and slander ladies, with whose *real* characters I had no acquaintance; and I am frightened almost to death to think that he has told you every word "*as he heard it.*" I hope you will not put it down in your "*Papers;*" and I solemnly declare, if you will not "*I never will do so again.*"

MARIA.

The *Social Companion* assures the candid and ingenuous Maria, that she shall not be exposed, if she will keep her vow; and exercise her fine talents, in advancing the happiness, rather than the miseries of her associates.

P.

[The reader of the following pathetic description, while his horror will be excited at the awful ravages of war—while he will execrate that diabolical ambition, which leads crowned heads to make victims of their innocent subjects; he will turn, with rapturous joy to our beloved Republic, where the sword is never drawn but in the defence of our Liberties, and in the support of our Rights—"One murder makes a vil-

lain—millions a hero!!" Napoleon and Wellington are heroes.!! Ed.]

HOSPITAL SCENE IN PORTUGAL.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

The French army had long suffered terrible privations. We all knew that Massena could not much longer retain his position, and the "Great Lord," (so the Spaniards all call Wellington,) allowed famine to do the work of a charge of bayonets. Our army was weary of the lines. It felt as if cooped up by an enemy it yet despised, and would have gladly marched out to storm the formidable French encampment; and such was the first idea that struck many of us, when, on the 5th of March, the army was put in motion; and the animating music of the regimental bands, rung through the rocky ridges of Torres Vedras. But it was soon universally understood that the French were in full retreat; there was now no hope of a great pitched battle, and all that I could expect, was that as our army formed part of the advance, we might now and then have a brush with the rear guard of the French, which was, you know, composed of the flower of the army, and commanded by Marshal Ney, the "bravest of the brave."

I will give you, in another letter, an account of the most striking scenes I witnessed during the pursuit after our ferocious enemy. They had been cheated out of a victory over us, (so they said, and so in Gallic presumption they probably felt,) when, some months before, Massena beheld that army which he threatened to drive into the sea, frowning on him from impregnable heights, all bristling with cannon. Instead of battle, and conquest, and triumph, they had long remained in hopeless inactivity, and at last their convoys being interrupted by the guerillas, they had endured all the intensest miseries of famine. Accordingly when they broke up, the soul of the French army was in a burning fever of savage wrath. The consummate skill of their leaders, and unmitigated severity of their discipline, kept the troops in firm and regular order; and certainly on all occasions, when I had an opportunity of seeing the rear guard, its movements were most beautiful. I could not help admiring the mass moving slowly away like a multitude of demons, all obeying the signs of one master spirit. Call me not illiberal in thus speaking of our foe. Wait till you have heard from me a detailed account

of their merciless butcheries, and then you will admit that a true knight violates not the laws of chivalry, in uttering his abhorrence of blood thirsty barbarians. The ditches were often literally filled with clot-
 ted and coagulated blood, as with mire—the bodies of peasants, put to death like dogs, were lying there horribly mangled—little naked infants, of a year old or less, were found besmeared in the mud of the road transfix with bayonet wounds—and in one instance, a child of about a month old, I myself saw with the bayonet left sticking in its neck—young women and matrons were found lying dead with cruel and shameful wounds; and as if some general law to that effect had been promulgated to the army, the priests were hanged upon trees by the road side. But no more of this at present.

I wish now to give you some idea of a scene I witnessed at Miranda de Cervo, on the 9th day of our pursuit. Yet I fear that a sight so terrible cannot be shadowed out, except in the memory of him who beheld it. I entered the town about dusk. It had been a black, grim, and gloomy sort of a day—at one time fierce blasts of wind, and at another perfect stillness, with far off thunder. Altogether, there was a wild adaptation of the weather and the day to the retreat of a great army. Huge masses of clouds lay motionless on the sky before us; and then they would break up suddenly as with a whirlwind, and roll off in the red and bloody distance. I felt myself towards the fall of the evening in a state of strange excitement. My imagination got the better entirely of all my other faculties, and I was like a man in a grand but terrific dream, who never thinks of questioning any thing he sees or hears, but believes all the phantoms around, with a strength of belief seemingly proportional to their utter dissimilarity to the subjects of the real world of nature.

Just as I was passing the great cross in the principal street, I met an old haggard looking wretch—a woman, who seemed to have in her hollow eyes an unaccountable expression of cruelty—a glance like that of madness, but her deportment was quiet and moral, and she was evidently of the middle rank of society, though her dress was faded and squalid. She told me (in broken English,) that I would find comfortable accommodation in an old convent that stood at some distance among a grove of cork trees; pointing to them, at the same time, with her long shrivelled hand and arm, and giving a sort of hysterical

laugh—You will find, said she, no body there to disturb you.

I followed her advice with a kind of superstitious acquiescence. There was no reason to anticipate any adventure or danger in the convent; yet the wild eyes, and the wilder voice of the old crone, powerfully affected me, and though, after all, she was only such an old woman as one may see any where, I really began to invest her with many imposing qualities, till I found, that in a sort of reverie, I had walked up a pretty long flight of steps, and was standing at the entrance to the cloister of the convent. I then saw something that made me speedily forget the old woman, though what it was I did see, I could not in the first moments of my amazement and horror, very distinctly comprehend.

Above a hundred dead bodies lay and sat before my eyes, all of them apparently in the very attitude or posture in which they had died. I looked at them at least, a minute before I knew that they were all corpses. Something in the mortal silence of the place told me that I alone was alive in this dreadful company. A desperate courage enabled me then to look steadfastly at the scene before me. The bodies were mostly clothed in mats and rugs and tattered great coats; some of them merely wrapped round about with girdles of straw, and two or three perfectly naked. Every face had a different expression—but all painful, horrid, agonized, bloodless. Many glazed eyes were wide open; and perhaps this was the most shocking thing in the whole spectacle. So many eyes that saw not, all seemingly fixed on different objects; some cast up to Heaven, some looking straight forward, and some with the white orbs turned round; and deep sunk in the sockets—it was a sort of hospital. These wretched beings were mostly all desperately or mortally wounded; and after having been stripped by their comrades, they had been left there dead, and to die. Such were they, who, as the old hag said, would not trouble me.

I had began to view this ghastly sight with some composure, when I saw at the remotest part of the hospital, a gigantic figure, sitting covered with blood and almost naked, upon a rude bedstead, with his back leaning against the wall, and his eyes fixed directly on mine. I thought he was alive, and shuddered; but he was stone dead. In the last agonies he had bitten his under lip almost entirely off, and his long black beard was drenched in clot-
 ted gore, that likewise lay in large blots on

his shaggy bosom. I recognized the corpse. He was a sergeant in a grenadier regiment, and during the retreat, distinguished for acts of savage valour. One day he killed with his own hand, Harry Warburton, the right hand man of my own company, perhaps the finest made and most powerful man in the British army. My soldiers had nicknamed him with a very coarse appellation, and I really felt as if he and I were acquaintances. There he sat as if frozen to death. I went up to the body, and raised up the giant's muscular arm, it fell with a hollow sound, against the bloody side of the corpse.

My eyes unconsciously wandered along the walls. They were covered with grotesque figures and caricatures of the British, absolutely drawn in blood. Horrid blasphemies, and the most shocking obscenities, in the shape of songs, were in like manner written there; and you may guess what an effect they had upon me, when the wretches who had conceived them lay all dead corpses around my feet. I saw two books lying on the floor. I lifted them up. One seemed to be full of the most hideous obscenity: the other was the Bible! It is impossible to tell you the horror produced in me by this circumstance. The books fell from my hand. They fell upon the breast of one of the bodies. It was a woman's breast. A woman had lived and died in such a place as this! What had been in that heart, now still, perhaps only a few hours before! I know not. It is possible love, strong as death—love, guilty, abandoned, depraved, and linked by vice into misery—but still love, that perished but with the last throb, and yearned in the last convulsion towards some one of these grim dead bodies. I think some such idea as this came across me at the time; or has it now only arisen?

Near this corpse lay that of a perfect boy, certainly not more than 17 years of age. There was a little copper figure of the Virgin Mary round his neck, suspended by a chain of hair. It was of little value, else it had not been suffered to remain there. In his hand was a letter; I saw enough to know it was from his mother—*Mon chere fils*, &c. It was a terrible place to think of mother—of home—of any social human ties—Have these ghastly things parents, brothers, sisters, lovers? Were they once all happy in peaceful homes? Did these convulsed, and bloody, and mangled bodies, once lie in undisturbed beds? Did these clutched hands once press in infancy a mother's breast? Now all was

loathsome, terrible, ghostlike. Human nature itself seemed here to be debased and brutified. Will such creatures, I thought, ever live again? Why should they? Robbers, ravishers, incendiaries, murderers, suicides, (for a dragon lay with a pistol in his hand, and his skull shattered to pieces,) heroes! The only two powers that reigned here was agony and death. Whatever might have been their characters when alive, all faces were now alike. I could not, in those fixed contortions, tell what was pain from what was anger—misery from what was wickedness.

It was now almost dark, and the night was setting in stormier than the day. A strong flash of lightning suddenly illuminated this hold of death, and for a moment shewed me more distinctly the terrible array. A loud squall of wind came round the building, and the old window casement gave way, and fell with a shivering crash in upon the floor. Something rose up with an angry growl from among the dead bodies. It was a huge dark coloured wolf dog, with a spiked collar round his neck; and seeing me, he leaped towards me with gaunt and bony limbs. I am confident that his jaws were bloody. I had instinctively moved backwards towards the door. The surly savage returned growling, to his lair; and in a state of stupefaction. I found myself in the open air. A bugle was playing, and the light infantry company of my own regiment was entering the village with loud hurrahs.

ORIGINAL.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ELEMENTS OF GENERAL HISTORY,
ANCIENT AND MODERN, &c.

AS mentioned in the last number, this truly excellent work has been recently published in Hartford, by Mr. SAMUEL G. GOODRICH.

Professor ALEX. FRAZER TYTLER, of Edinburgh University, the author of the original publication, holds a distinguished rank amongst the profound scholars who have given to *Edinburgh* the appellation—METROPOLIS OF SCIENCE AND LITERATURE. The publications issued from the presses of

that *Athens* of the globe, within the last quarter of the eighteenth, and first of the nineteenth century, have excited the admiration of the reading world. A catalogue of them would embrace "*The Circle of the Sciences*." Witness that stupendous work "*The Edinburgh Encyclopedia*"—"An *Essay on Taste*," by Professor Allison—"Philosophical *Essays*," by Professor Stewart—"The *Edinburgh Review*," by Professor Playfair, Jeffray, &c. &c. And although we cannot patiently endure their occasional severity against American productions, it is by giving our days, and our nights also, to the study of their works, that we may hope to advance the literary reputation of our own country.

A thorough knowledge of history can be acquired by little less than a whole life of study; and Professor Tytler must have devoted much of his, to this interesting subject. Omitting to say any thing of the merits of *Millot*, *Mavor*, and *Bigland*, who have presented the world with "*General Histories*," the writer has no hesitation in declaring the work under consideration, a most invaluable acquisition to the lovers of history. The learned author, with a brevity unequalled, has, in a single volume, afforded the reader the substance of an extensive historical library. It may be called "*The Whole in Little*." It may be consulted with boundless advantage by all, from the President of an University, to the humblest seeker after truth. Although delivered in the form of Lectures in the presence of the

literati, it is clothed in the most elegant style of simplicity. The English reader is never perplexed with long quotations in *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French*, but is constantly acquiring the treasures of knowledge in his own language. It is sincerely to be lamented that this great lecturer, had not brought his lectures down to the commencement of the nineteenth century, as the first edition of the work is dated 1801.

The Rev. THOMAS ROBBINS, A. M. of East-Windsor, Connecticut, commences his portion of the work, where the learned professor ends—i. e. at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and continues the history to 1815.

The reader will readily discover a striking difference in the style of the two authors; but the American reader, at least, is much indebted to Mr. Robbins. His portion of the work certainly evinces great research; and although his arrangement is different from that of the learned Professor, none but those who are more disposed to discover defects than to credit merit, will pronounce it injudicious.

The extensive CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE, which closes the volume, is worth the price of the whole of it. It is hoped that Mr. Goodrich will be amply rewarded for publishing this excellent work.

CATECHETICAL COMPEND OF GENERAL HISTORY, SACRED AND PROFANE &c.

Messrs. Cooke and Hale have recently published a third edition of this "*New School Book*."

Had Doct. Franklin been well

acquainted with the various systems in Connecticut, he would probably have defined it "*A simplifying State.*"—Government is simplified by Legislators—Law is simplified by Judges—'*Arithmetic*' is '*simplified*' by Mr. White—and by this little volume, History is simplified by Mr. Frederick Butler, A. M.

The author deserves to be ranked amongst the Patrons of Youth. His manner of *teaching* and *writing*, blends amusement with instruction, and is well calculated to—"teach the young idea how to shoot." The reputation of this work is too well established, where known, to be increased by any remarks that can be made. The *Publishers* are certain of an handsome sale, for "years to come;" and it is hoped the ingenious, laborious, and worthy author, will not be in the situation of most authors—

"Who beat the bush while others catch the bird."

EFFUSIONS, RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND PATRIOTIC, IN PROSE AND VERSE.

A small volume, of the above title, has lately been "printed for the author," by Mr. Samuel Green of New London.

Whether it arises from the romantic country—the beautiful streams—the majestic waterfall, or some other cause, is unknown to the writer—but certain it is, that the town situated at the head of the *Thames*,* has produced more than its quota of female geniuses. But a few years since, Miss Huntly, a native of that

*Norwich, Connecticut.

place, presented the world a volume in "*Prose and Verse.*" It has many admirers. It would be a digression to say any thing of it in this place, any further than to observe, that no *Authoress* or *Author*, of *Connecticut*, ever found a better reward for genius—distinguished patrons, and influential friends.

Miss Abby H. Sterry, of the same place, is the writer of the volume under consideration. It would offend the delicacy of the amiable *Authoress*, to pronounce it a work of *superlative merit*, nor is the writer disposed to be guilty of the offence. But, considering the advantages she has enjoyed, and the circumstances under which she wrote, it may certainly be compared with many *modern* productions without any disadvantage to it.

The *poetic* part of the volume, we think has less merit than that part written in prose; and this is easily accounted for—the subjects are too *trite*. Hundreds, and probably thousands, have written—some in the finest strains, upon '*Maternal Love*'—'*The day of Rest*'—'*The death of —*' and '*Lines*' upon almost every thing.

It is to be regretted that Miss Sterry attempted to pen a couplet or a paragraph upon *Autumn*, or any other season—The reader, if he has ever read '*Thompson's Seasons*,' will read her '*Effusions*' and all others, with frigid indifference. That the authoress should have written (either in '*prose*' or '*verse*') upon '*Sensibility*' is perfectly natural; for every *female* who writes at all, must write something upon that subject. It is an

Age of Sensibility—and an age of much *affected* sensibility. Many, who will heave a sigh—drop a tear, and utter a groan at reading a fictitious tale of distress, in a *Novel*, will turn, with disgust, from scenes of *real distress*. Sensibility is the burden of almost every Novel, Ballad, and Acrostic. We would recommend the following, as one very deeply *sensible* :

Sweet Sensibility ! O la !
I heard a little lamb cry baa !
Says I, have you lost your mar ?
Ah ! ah ! ah !

The lamb ran fast as it could go,
And running hit its *little* toe,
And I cried out, O dear ! O !
Oh ! oh ! oh !

We turn to the “Effusions” in prose, with very great pleasure : and cannot forbear to present our readers with the following

CHARACTER OF AN AMERICAN SOLDIER.

“INTEGRITY, fidelity, generosity, and independence of mind, a patient endurance of pains, hardships and privations, an ardent attachment to his country, which no individual interest can damp, nor foreign partiality subvert, a fearless intrepidity, and noble contempt of death, blended with the most exalted sentiments of humanity, are the most striking features in the character of an American soldier. In the recent hostilities between England and America, the American soldier may justly assert, that he never with taunts and insults wounded the feelings of a vanquished enemy, or barbarously sullied his hands in the blood of the defenceless victim. Instead of the haughty and insolent deportment which the ——— soldier never fails to assume towards those whom the fortune of war has placed in his power, with that humane and compassionate feeling which is ever associated with true bravery, and greatness of soul, he endeavours by the kindest assiduities to expel from his mind the painful recollections of his defeat, and if wounded, to mitigate his pains by a generous and consoling sympathy. Such are

the noble properties of those men, who seeing the liberties of their country expiring beneath foreign oppression and domestic treason, and disdaining to survive them, armed themselves in their defence, and repaired to the hostile field ; of the glorious result, the imperishable fame they have earned for themselves and a redeemed country, “in toilsome marches and the bloody field,” is an indubitable proof that time and envy may assail in vain.

Accept, gallant defenders of your country, generous protectors of her violated liberties, this humble tribute, warm with the gratitude of an American heart.”

Our limits admit of no more extracts.

A considerable portion of this volume appears under the head of “*Familiar Letters*.” The one announcing the death of her father to Mr. W——c, shews that Miss Sterry possesses *real* sensibility ; and can pour forth the “effusions” of a bursting heart in tender, as well as elegant strains. On the whole, we think this little volume would grace the toilette of the female reader ; and by purchasing it, every reader will add a small sum, to alleviate the sorrows of a family “*struggling with adversity in its most distressing form*.”

SELECTIONS.

[We scarcely recollect of reading a more powerful description of a *Misanthrope*, than the following, from the pen of an author, who, full of feeling himself, knew how to make others feel.—Ed.]

THE MAN-HATER.

But if misanthropy be capable of producing such direful effects on well disposed minds, how shocking must be the character whose disposition, naturally rancorous, is heightened and inflamed by an habitual hatred and malignity towards his fellow creatures ! In Switzerland, I once beheld a

monster of this description : I was compelled to visit him by the duties of my profession ; but I shudder while I recollect the enormity of his character. His body was almost as deformed as his mind. Enmity was seated on his distorted brow. Scales of livid incrustation, the produce of his corrupted body and distempered mind, covered his face. His horrid figure made me fancy that I saw Medusa's serpents wreathing their baleful folds among the black and matted locks of his dishevelled hair, while his red and fiery eyes glared like malignant meteors through the obscurity of his impending eye-brows. Mischievous was his sole delight, his greatest luxury and his highest joy. To sow discord among his neighbours, and to tear open the closing wounds of misery, was his only occupation. His residence was the resort of the disorderly, the receptacle of the vicious, and the asylum of the guilty. Collecting around him the turbulent and discontented of every description, he became the patron of injustice, the persecutor of virtue, the protector of villany, the perpetrator of malice, the inventor of fraud, the propagator of calumny, and the zealous champion of cruelty and revenge ; directing, with malignant aim, the barbed shafts of his adherents equally against the comforts of private peace, and the blessings of public tranquillity. The bent and inclination of his nature had been so aggravated and confirmed by the " multiplying villanies of his life," that it was impossible for him to refrain one moment from the practice of them, without feeling uneasiness and discontent ; and he never appeared perfectly happy, but when new opportunities occurred to glut his infernal soul with the spectacle of human miseries."

USEFUL INVENTIONS.

WOOD'S "CAST IRON PLOUGH."
MANUFACTURED BY THEODORE BARNARD, HARTFORD.

"Speed to the Plough."

We conceive that we cannot render a more acceptable service to agriculturalists, who now embrace a vast proportion of our population—and to the friends of agriculture, who must embrace the whole, than by attempting to

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draw their attention to the invaluable implement of husbandry mentioned above.

Perhaps no *Patent* implement was ever offered to the people of Connecticut, with such flattering attestations in its favour ; and no gentleman ever arrived amongst us better entitled to patronage, than Mr. BARNARD. Emigration of our enterprising artists from the state, has long been so common, and into it so seldom, that such an event augurs favourably for our growing interest and prosperity.

The distinguished approbation bestowed upon the PLOUGH which Mr. Barnard is now manufacturing in Hartford, will appear from the following letter from SAMUEL L. MITCHELL, L. L. D. M. D. &c. the Emperor of Russia, to whom an elegant model, and also a plough for the field, was sent in the Guerriere, Capt. MACDONOUGH, who carried the American minister, Mr. G. W. CAMPBELL, to the court of St. Petersburg.

Samuel L. Mitchell, a citizen of the United States of America, to Alexander, Autocrat of the Russias, &c.

May it please the Emperor.

I have been induced to offer for the acceptance of his imperial majesty, a Plough, which is considered generally in these parts of America, superior to any instrument of the kind that has ever been invented.

Previous to taking this step, I consulted my friend, the Honourable Andrew Daschkoff, his majesty's minister plenipotentiary in the United States, who feels a lively interest in every improvement that can be useful to his country. As the time of his departure was uncertain, he recommended that the plough should be intrusted to Mr. Campbell, the new minister to the imperial court of St. Petersburg, who could, with propriety, bring it to his majesty's notice, through the secretary of state, or

the agricultural society. Mr. Daschkoff also encouraged the persuasion, that it would receive the approbation due to its merit. Application was then made to the Honourable John Quincy Adams, secretary of state, at Washington city, for leave to send the plough to its destination, in the public ship, now bound to Russia. The matter was submitted to the President of the United States; who consented that directions should be given to the commander of the *Guerriere*, that the plough for the Emperor of Russia might be received for conveyance, on board that vessel, now lying at Boston. The inventor is Mr. Jethro Wood, a respectable farmer, residing in the county of Cayuga, and state of New-York. The constructor is Mr. Thomas Freeborn, a very worthy artist, living in the city of New-York. They both request me to express their earnest hopes that this *Georgical Utensil*,* contrived by the genius of the former, and manufactured by the skill of the latter, may be graciously considered by his majesty. The advantages of this plough are manifold, but may be referred to the following principal heads: 1st. Its greater aptitude to penetrate the soil, and form a furrow—2d. A sign, and desirable fitness in the mould-board, by means of the spiral form of its inclined plane, to raise the soil from its horizontal bed to the perpendicular, and to turn it upside down—3d. The substitution of a cast-iron plate, of the cost of half a dollar, to be screwed to the low and fore edge of the mould-board, instead of the heavy expensive, and old-fashioned share—4th. the use of cast-iron, instead of hammered iron for the mould-board itself, and the several land-irons—5th. The construction of the entire plough, with the exception of the beam and handles, of cast and wrought iron, whereby every part is properly braced and secured—6th. Its moderate price, its strength, and durability; and the small expense of time, labour and stuff, requisite for repairs—7th. The saving of a considerable portion of the labour of the beasts who draw, and of the man who conducts the plough—8th. The handsome and workmanlike appearance of a field prepared for planting and sowing by this instrument.

Inspection and practice will disclose the other conveniences of Wood's Freeborn

*The learned Professor must here allude to the "*Georgics*" of Virgil, who describes the charms of husbandry in all the charms of Poetry.

Plough, which is thus placed at the foot of the Imperial Throne.

SAMUEL L. MITCHELL,

Late Senator in Congress for New-York, Professor in the University, Member of the Agricultural Society, &c.

New-York, June 22, 1818.

Mr. Barnard has purchased, at great expense, the *Patent Right*, of making and vending these highly approved ploughs for the counties of *Hartford, New-Haven, New-London, Windham, Middlesex and Tolland*. His brief description of them is as follows:—

The mould-board is so constructed as to apply the combined powers of a wedge and screw in raising the furrow and laying it in an inverted position. In consequence of this, the plough is warranted to require much less team than those generally in use. The shares are attached to the mould-board by screws, and the wrench for taking them off and putting them on, and also for raising and lowering the beam, serves as a bolt through the clevice. For new lands or roots, the coulter connected with the point of the share, is used. Persons sending for shares, need only send the No. of the plough, and shares can be furnished either wrought or cast—Wrought at \$2 and cast at sixty cents each.

*Shares which are too much worn for hard ground, resume their value in mellow land.



The foregoing cut will give the reader some idea of this Plough; but an *examination* of the Plough itself would be far preferable.

This may emphatically be called *The age of Agricultural Improvements*, and an "*Improved Plough*" is amongst the most important of them. We wish Mr. Barnard ample success; and conclude this article, as we began it, with—"SPEED TO THE PLOUGH."

The manufacture of ploughs has been carried on, to a very considerable extent in Enfield, in this state, for some years; not only for our own citizens, but for the southern market. A leading member of the "Hartford County Agricultural Society," has informed us that they are highly approved of. We say again "*Speed to the Plough*"—and success to the farmer.

Poetical Department.

"COLUMBIAN MUSE, ADVANCE AND CLAIM THY RIGHT."

[If any remarks in the first number of our Journal induced "S. T." to exercise his Muse, we are gratified that they have had the desired effect. We have listened with rapture to "*the beautiful Irish air of the Bower*;" and although not *amateurs*, are confident that the *Lines* are well adapted to the *Music*; and if the author *sings* them "*aloud*" as well as he has *written* them, he is a fair candidate for the honour of possessing *two* of the *fine arts*.—Ed.]

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE RURAL MAGAZINE, &c.

I saw some remarks in the First Number, that induces me to send the following Lines for the perusal of the Editor, and insertion in the Magazine, if they will "pass muster." As I wanted a song for the beautiful Irish air of the "Bower," and not finding any that would exactly gibe, I set about making one myself; but as I dare not sing it aloud, before it is reviewed, I have sent it for that purpose. Insertion, I shall consider approbation.

S. T.

SYMPATHY.

The tear that is trembling in Harriot's eye,
Is the offspring of virtue—it sprang from a sigh;
The heart is the source, whence this soft current flows,
That rolls down the cheek, and adds lustre to woes.

Tears are streaming;

Smiles soon beaming,

Chase these tears away.

A smile soon enlivens the same lovely cheek,
That harbour'd the tear, and pleasures there speak;
What has dried the tear, that sparkled as bright,
As the dew-drop display'd to the Fountain of light ?*

Tears were streaming;
Smiles now beaming,
Chase the tears away.

'Twas *Sympathy* started the tear to the eye,
'Twas *Sympathy* prompted the smile and the sigh;
This *Passion* our feelings so far can beguile,
That we weep with the mourner,—with the joyful we smile.

Tears were streaming;
Smiles soon beaming,
Chase the tears away.

[If, as the author says, the following lines "*cost very little labour*," we see no reason why he should *think* of the "LAST LOOK," or have any *right* to "DESPAIR." A *continuance* of such labour, upon livelier themes we hope will restore him to cheerfulness.]
Ed.

FOR THE RURAL MAGAZINE, &c.

To *S. Putnam Waldo, Esq.*

The lines on this paper, cost very little labour. If they are worthy of insertion in your Magazine, you are welcome to them.

LAST LOOK.

O, why prolong that ardent gaze?
What beauties in those rocks appear?
Does this rude scene, new pleasures raise,
That makes your footsteps linger here?

No! tho' those rocks appear sublime,
Lifting their summits to the skies,
And seem to mock the rage of time
Who marks all else where'er he flies.

It is not that, for which I gaze,
I have seen other rocks as rude;
But the LAST LOOK the thought betrays,
That it will never be renew'd.

*The Sun.

DESPAIR.

Come glooms impervious, come thou darksome night,
 Your shades accord with my desponding soul :
 Hope's cheering ray once shone—its dawn was bright,
 But cheerless now, the clouds of sorrow roll.

When hope is fled, what cordial is at hand,
 To cure or soothe the madness of despair ;
 Can sleep, tho' potent, with its magic wand,
 In *Lethe* sink the memory of our care ?

In vain we court the downy couch of rest ;
 In vain we seek the charms of soft repose ;
 Still we are troubled—with new griefs opprest—
 For fancy adds a thousand to our woes.

Come then, dark night, with thy most gloomy shade,
 Conceal me with thy mantle, I implore,
 For once lov'd scenes, by day my sight invade,
 And sleep their visionary forms restore.

&—*Ampersand*.

SELECTED.

[The following elegant and pathetic effusion, is selected from a small volume of Poems, by THOMAS C. UPHAM, A. M. of *New-Hampshire*. We call upon the impassioned admirers of *Southey*, *Scott*, *Crabbe*, or even the admirers of *Anacreon Moore* and *Byron*, to point out any thing of the pathetic that excels it. It justifies the motto we have chosen for our "POETICAL DEPARTMENT"—"*Columbian Muse—advance and claim thy right.*"—Ed.]

MONTGOMERY'S RETURN.

There came down the Hudson, one bright summer's even,
 Not a chieftain from war, nor a spirit from heaven;
 For the warrior expired as the brave wish to die,
 When danger was threat'ning and glory was nigh,
 But the corpse of that warrior, the bones of the brave,
 Tho' forty years buried, came down the dark wave.

There came down the Hudson, at closing of day,
 Montgomery's bones in their funeral array;
 All dark was his coffin, all lonely his shroud,
 And the weepers around him were mourning aloud ;

They mourn'd for the chieftain, who struggled of old,
Whose body had crumbled, whose bosom was cold.

In the times that have faded, he fought at Quebec,
But the quicksands of battle there made him a wreck,
By the walls of Quebec, where he met with his doom,
The highminded Englishmen gave him a tomb!
But his country have summon'd his bones down the wave,
In the land of the freemen, to find them a grave.

[To a Connecticut citizen, Mr. DAVID BUSHNELL, were the American people indebted for the invention of what was called the "*American Turtle*." It effected more than the "*Torpedo*." Being placed in a fleet of Powder Kegs in the Delaware, designed to run "under water," under the British fleet, at Philadelphia, they exploded too soon; but produced consternation in the British fleet, and the following sarcastic Poem, from the Hon. FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.
A song.—Tune, Moggy Lawder.

Gallants, attend, and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty:
Strange things I'll tell, which late befel
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on log of wood,
And saw a sight surprising.

As in a maze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, Sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more,
Come floating down the tide, Sir,

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
The strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said—"Some mischief's brewing.

"These Kegs now hold the rebels bold,
"Pack'd up like pickled herring;
"And they're come down, t' attack the
town
"In this new way of ferry'ng."

The soldier flew; the sailor too:
And scar'd almost to death, Sir,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, Sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;

And some ran here, and some ran there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked:
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the town half naked,

Sir William * he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring;
Nor dreamt of harm, as he lay warm
In bed with Mrs. L*ring.

Now in a fright, he starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
"For God's sake what's the matter!

At his bed side he then espied
Sir Erksinet at command, Sir;
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And t'other in his hand, Sir.

"Arise! arise!" Sir Erksine cries;
"The rebels—more's the pity—
"Without a boat, are all on float,
"And rang'd before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
"With Satan for their guide, Sir,
"Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
"Come driving down the tide, Sir,

* Sir William Howe.

† Sir William Erksine.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war;
 "These Kegs must all be routed,
 "Or surely we, despis'd shall be,
 "And British courage doubted."

The Royal band now ready stand,
 All rang'd in dread array, Sir,
 With stomachs stout, to see it out,
 And make a bloody day, Sir,

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
 The small arms make a rattle:
 Since wars began, I'm sure no man
 E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel * vales, the rebel dales,
 With rebel trees surrounded,
 The distant woods, the hills and floods,
 With rebel echoes sounded.

* The British officers were so fond of the
 word rebel, that they often applied it most
 absurdly.

The fish below swam to and fro,
 Attack'd from ev'ry quarter;
 "Why sure," thought they "the Devil's to
 pay
 " 'Mongst folks above the water."

The Kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made
 Of rebel staves and hoops, Sir,
 Could not oppose their pow'rful foes,
 The conqu'ring British troops, Sir,

From morn to night those men of might
 Display'd amazing courage;
 And when the sun was fairly down,
 Retir'd to sup their porridge.

An hundred men, with each a pen,
 Or more, upon my word, Sir,
 It is most true, would be too few
 Their valour to record, Sir,

Such feats did they perform that day,
 Upon those wicked kegs, Sir,
 That years to come, if they get home,
 They'll make their boasts and brags, Sir.

Variety.

"A SINGLE DISH, WITH INGREDIENTS NUMEROUS."

ORIGINAL SKETCHES, ANECDOTES, &c.

PREPARED FOR THE RURAL MAGAZINE.

PRESIDENT DWIGHT AND JOSEPH DEN- NIE, ESQ.

MR. DENNIE, upon his return to Philadelphia from a visit in New-England, was joined in the stage by Doct. Timothy Dwight. The Doctor was known by Mr. Dennie, "by sight," although, he was not then personally acquainted with him. Doct. Dwight was wholly ignorant of the name of his distinguished fellow-traveller, although amongst the admirers of this admirable genius. There being but one other passenger in the stage to interrupt discourse, they soon fell into conversation upon the comparative merits of American Scholars. The Doctor, although he always maintained the dignity of Literature, was easy and fluent in conversation. After speaking of many of the ancient great men of our Republic, he spoke of those of more modern date. He gave "Joseph Dennie, Editor of the Port Folio," a distinguished rank. "Amongst the

first" said he "and by some esteemed the best of his works, is, 'The Lay Preacher.'" This was a promising augury of his future eminence. He commenced the publication of the *Port Folio* at Philadelphia, at a period peculiarly auspicious, as it was amongst the first that was projected in our country. It has been conducted by him, in such a manner as to raise the reputation of American literature, at home and abroad. But Jo. Dennie is dissipated! and this you know, sir, very much diminishes the reputation of an author." After a short pause, Mr. Dennie remarked—"Amongst the distinguished men in New-England, I have always highly ranked Doct. Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College in Connecticut. His 'Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,' &c. and 'Greenfield Hill,' are admirable productions. His 'Conquest of Canaan' has many beauties, but is rather too monotonous. As the President of an University, he holds the first rank

As a *Theologian*, he is profound and eloquent. But Doctor Dwight is too *opinionated*—is *rigid*—*excessively rigid*, and this you know, sir, is inconsistent with Christian charity. As to Jo. Dennie, I have known him from childhood; and know that you are, in a great measure mistaken as to his *dissipation*. He has, to be sure, enjoyed the fascinating charms of society—and he never refused to participate in the fashionable amusements of the day, which, many of the *rigid* moralists of the age pronounce "*vicious*." Doctor Dwight replied, by asking—"Do you know who you are talking to?"—"You can tell Sir"—said Mr. Dennie. "Well sir, my name is *Timothy Dwight*." "Well sir, my name is *Jo. Dennie*." After a cordial salutation, the Doctor observed—"If I am too *opinionated* and *rigid*, and you too *dissipated*, we both ought to reform."

THE DIVINE AND THE WAG.

An eminent divine in Connecticut, in the hours of necessary relaxation from severe study, occasionally indulged himself in facetious conversation with a wag and punster in humble life; but would always endeavour to impress upon his mind some important truth. The wag, as is usually the case when wags are admitted to familiarity with the great, became *grossly* familiar. The divine, to repel him, censured him for his vices, and told him that he heard of many things greatly to his shame and disgrace. The wag replied—"I also hear many things against you, sir." "What! against me?" "Yes, sir, I heard one man say the other day, that when you was out of the pulpit, you ought never to go into it again—and another man said, when you was in the pulpit you never ought to come out of it again."

EDITOR'S CLOSET.

WE now present our largely increased list of Patrons with the *Second Number* of "*The Rural Magazine and Farmer's Monthly Museum*." The solicitude we felt, upon offering them the *First*, is much diminishing by the cheering notes of approbation we have accidentally heard. As "*puffing*" will not aid a publication, if worthless, so it is not needed if it has value. We must decline inserting any "*Letters, or Extracts of Letters*" received, approving of the *Plan* of the Publication or the *Manner* in which it has, in infancy, been conducted. We, however, tender our thanks to those of our Patrons who

have approved of the work by "*Communications*," and *hope* their civility has not blinded their judgement. The Editor is determined not to be *intimidated by censure*—nor will he be *enervated by commendations*. His associates and friends, it is hoped, are firmly fixed in the same determination. As it regards *this work*, the existence of *Parties, Religious and Political* are unknown, however *frankly opinions* may be expressed in other places. Steady to our purpose, we hope, as we advance in the publication, and increase in the knowledge of the *History, Biography, Agriculture, and Manufactures*, of our native state, to afford a rational and useful "*Monthly Museum*." In our *Miscellaneous* and *Poetical* departments, we hope to blend innocent amusement with useful instruction. The "*laughing philosophers*" will generally find a *small dish* in our *Variety*.

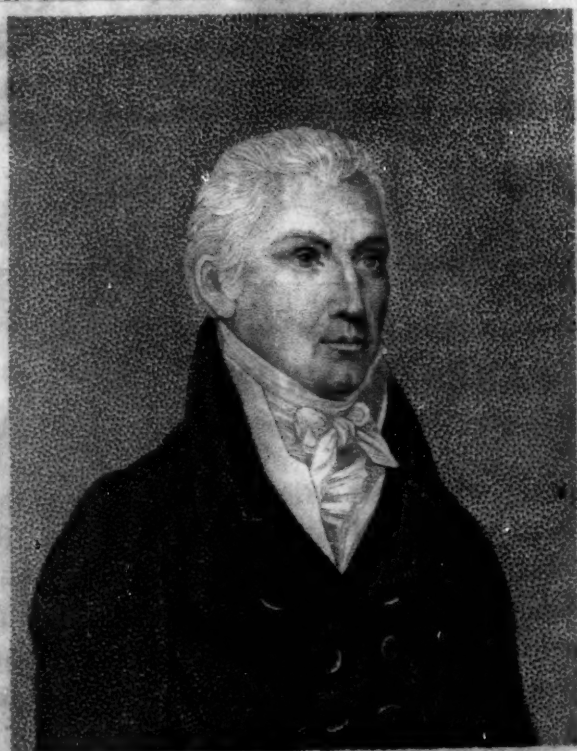
The Farmer and the Manufacturer will find a rich repast in the Selections from the admirable Address of the Hon. Noah Webster, and that of the "*American Society*, for encouraging Domestic Manufactures." If they may have been before read, a *second perusal* will afford new pleasure, and impart new information.

An "*Acrostic*" upon Miss **** is received, but cannot be admitted—1st. Because it may *possibly* wound her feelings, although a most delicate production—2d. Because we have an aversion to Acrostics, Conundrums, Anagrams, Riddles, &c. &c. We hope "*G*" will write upon *other* subjects.

We have received the Organization, and Constitution of the "*Windham County Agricultural Society*," for 1819; but postpone the insertion of it, until we can obtain an account of *all* that has been organized for the present year in Connecticut.

We intended, in this number, to have noticed the "*Brief Remarker*," a series of papers originally published in the *Connecticut Courant*, and recently published in a volume. We *think*, (although we are not *certain*) that "*The Prompter*" was originally published in the same paper. In publishing such productions, a *Newspaper* becomes "*useful*."

A description of "*The Corn-Shearer*" is promised for our next number, by an obliging and leading member of "*The Hartford County Agricultural Society*."



T. Galtier & Co.

JAMES MONROE

President of the United States.